

Miscellaneous Department.

LANGLEY LANE

(From a forthcoming volume of poems by ROBERT BURNARD.)

Is all the land, range, up, range down,
Is there over a place so pleasant and sweet
As Langley Lane, in London town,
Just out of the bustle of the city street?
Little white cottages all in a row,
Gardens where bushes-brilliant grow,
Walkways cross in roof and wall,
Up, above the still, the sun and wind,
Where the wolly-white clouds go sailing by—
I seem to be able to see it all!

For now, in summer, I take my chair,
And sit outside in the sun and hear
The distant murmur of the city street,
And the swallows and sparrows chirping near,
And Fanny, who lives just over the way,
Comes running many a time each day,
With her little basket of food and kind,
And I smile and talk with the sun on my cheek,
For the little hand seems to stir and speak,
And Fanny is dumb and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet, thirteen, and she
Has fine black eyes and dark eyes clear,
And I am older by some thirty years,
Why should we have one another so dear?
Because she cannot utter a word,
And I hear the music of the city street,
The water-car's splash on the millbank's wall,
Because I have never seen the sky,
Nor the little singers of the city street,
Who are so gazing upon this all!

When she is shining, the swallows fly,
And the blue-birds murmur low,
And the water-car goes by,
And the cool splash-echo down the dusty road,
And the little cloud in my side pocket,
Mine eyes reflect to the cottage eaves,
Where birds are chirping in summer haze,
And I hear the music of the city street,
Though she cannot hear, look, and hear,
And the little soft fingers under in mine!

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,
When it stirs on my palm for the love of me?
Do I not know she is pretty and young?
Hath not my soul a voice and a tongue,
To pleasure to make one's bosom stir,
To wonder how things appear to her?
That I only hear as they pass around,
As long as we sit in the sun and light,
She is happy to keep God's sight,
And I am happy to keep God's sight.

Why, I know her face, though I am blind—
Made of music long ago;
Strangely her eyes, and her hair so brown,
Bounded the gentle light of a brow of snow,
And when I sit by her little hand,
And hold her hand, and hear the music,
And hear the music that haunts the place,
I know she is raising her eyes to me,
And guessing how gentle my voice must be,
And seeing the music upon my face.

Though, if ever the Lord should grant me a prayer,
I know the face of my only dear,
I should pray—just once, when the weather is fair,
To see little Fanny and Langley Lane;
Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear
The voice of the friend that she has never seen,
The song of the birds, the hum of the street—
It is better to be as we have been,
Keep keeping up something, unheard, unseen,
To make God's love more precious and sweet!

It is pleasant in Langley Lane!
There is always something sweet to hear
Of birds and of the patter of rain;
And Fanny, my little one, always near,
If I should have a voice, I might say,
And Fanny, my darling, is far from strong,
And though we can never married be—
What then—since we have only one so dear,
Let us be as the birds and the rain,
And the pleasure that only one can see!

LITTLE PEOPLE

(From the Year Book of the American Museum of Natural History.)

Man of moderate height have one source under their disappointment. Although they are not run after and admired for their great or small stature, they are gazed at and talked about as much as the tall and the short.

Physiologists have discussed the question whether there are any causes in operation likely to produce the size of the body. It is a question that has been discussed in the past by the Greeks, and as those little people whom travellers once asserted to be living in Abyssinia. Physiologists have also discussed the question as to persons a little above or a little below the medium height, but they disagree in any way as to whether it is a hereditary or an acquired condition.

We find plentiful notes of people less than four feet high. Even in the case of the little people of the Caucasus, who are said to be of a dwarfed race, the height of the men is said to be from three feet six inches to four feet.

Below three feet in height a dwarf like to descend, and this is the case with the little people of the Caucasus. A dwarf at Bartholomew fair forty years was thirty-five inches high. A brush-maker at Bartholomew, who was said to be of a dwarfed race, married a girl who was a little shorter than he; they averaged thirty-four inches each, and were generally known as the little people of Bartholomew.

Eighty years ago there died Mrs. Mary, known as the Irish Fairy, who was thirty-four inches high, and died in a nursing home in London. The best specimen of human life at this altitude was, perhaps, Madame Tenebris, known as the Corsican Fairy, who was exhibited in London twenty years before the Irish Fairy. She was a little creature, pretty, womanly and yet fairly-lean; not so tall as a yard in height, she was still as if her person were to be crushed under the foot of Sir Hans Sloane when she was exhibited, at the Mirror and Summer at Charing-cross, a little white man, aged about thirty, three feet high.

age twenty-eight. His height was three feet two inches high. There was a record of one Hamish Bannan, who, although only twenty-five inches high, was a very strong man.

Of course, if the attraction of a dwarf varies inversely as his length, he will try to be less than two feet long. If the attraction varies directly as his length, he will try to be more than two feet long. The result to that effect are the more open to suspicion. Detailed, the French count at Cairo, says he saw a dwarf of eighteen inches high.

Jeffery Hudson, a Rutland man, was of this small build of little people who have gained names and fame. At eight years of age, he was only twenty inches high, and was taken into the suite of the Duke of Buckingham. When Charles the First visited Queen Henrietta Maria, he was only twenty inches high, and was taken into the suite of the Duke of Buckingham.

Another political dwarf, if we may so designate him, died only a few years ago. Galignani noticed him in the eighth century. He was only twenty-four inches high. When young he was in the service of the Duchess of Orleans, wife of the Duke in the days of Louis the Great, and mother of the duke who was afterwards King Louis Philippe.

There was a little couple in the time of Charles the Second, who compensated for shortness of stature by length of life. Richard had been married to Charles the First, and was also installed into the service of the Duke of Devonshire. At the same time Court dwarf to Queen Henrietta Maria. The king determined that the little people should be man and wife. It was done, and he gave away his daughter to the little man.

The little people had a remarkably happy life of it—if not absolutely "healthy, wealthy and wise," at least something like it. They had nine children, and the children were of the same height as the parents. Richard, born during the reign of Charles the First, saw the glories and the troubles of Charles the Second, and lived to see the reign of William and Mary. Rather late in life he became drawing-master to the princesses Mary and Anne.

Peter the Great, who had something of the Russian in his disposition, once gave a little man made merry with his own wife within a certain range of his capital. He collected seventy of them, and caused one horse to draw a dozen of them. He ordered a marriage between two of the number. All the guests were served with additional food and drink, and the little people were given a large amount of money.

One of the most interesting of the little people was a man named Richard, who was only twenty-four inches high. He was a very strong man, and was taken into the suite of the Duke of Buckingham. When Charles the First visited Queen Henrietta Maria, he was only twenty inches high, and was taken into the suite of the Duke of Buckingham.

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These works, in an English mode, can only be meant for Abraham Lincoln, to whom Sir R. Bruce Woodhouse has dedicated his book. It is a book of the social and political speculations or criticisms of a man who, at the close of the President on Beholition, still holds over the President as a noble and agonized martyr.

There is no reformer of social evil, loudly and earnestly, and with a noble and agonized martyr. There is no reformer of social evil, loudly and earnestly, and with a noble and agonized martyr. There is no reformer of social evil, loudly and earnestly, and with a noble and agonized martyr.

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It should be said that a promise of sentiment to save it from the general opinion is an endorsement of an autobiography. It is a book of the social and political speculations or criticisms of a man who, at the close of the President on Beholition, still holds over the President as a noble and agonized martyr.

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